

The Daily Telegram.

No issue New Year Day

Vol. 1.—No. 26.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, TUESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1899.

Price: Two Cents.

THE BAZARETTE

Wishes to thank its many patrons for the royal good will and patronage so generously shown during the last few months.

This popular store will endeavor to deserve your favors during the coming year. Wishing you all a Happy New Year.

Very Happily yours,

THE BAZARETTE.

Ammerman & Scott

Our effort to please the people by cash trade with cash prices has proven a success. People are coming to see that a cash business is better for both dealer and consumer and so we are encouraged to carry out our long cherished plan of doing business for cash. On January 1st., 1900, we will commence selling goods for cash only. We cannot enumerate prices in this space, but will make prices on our full stock an inducement to pay cash.

Ammerman & Scott,

Both Phones 123 228 Congress St.

DANCING ACADEMY.

The office of the Ypsilanti Dancing Academy will be open at Lightguard Hall from 9:30 to 12:30 a. m., and 2 to 8:30 p. m. We quote terms and receive the names of those wishing to join the classes.

Prof. Herbert Pink of the University Academy at Ann Arbor and of the Detroit school of Dancing will personally supervise the work. He guarantees to learn one to dance in one term or money refunded.

G. A. PINK, Manager.
New State Phone 314.

NOTICE!

As an introduction and on honest basis the Household Installment Co.'s branch store of this city, its representatives wish to call the attention of the public that in its various lines consisting of Household Effects, that they have in stock a handsome line of

Furniture, Carpets etc.

No agents out. Cash or monthly payments. Lots of things for Xmas gifts.

C. E. Buell, Pres. E. L. Buell, Sec.
Wright, Treas. E. H. Vail, Mgr.
Follett House Bldg., Depot.
19 E. Cross Street.
Telephone No. 277, 2 rings.

TIME TABLE.

In effect November 22, 1899.

Leave Ypsilanti	Leave Ypsilanti	Leave Ypsilanti
A. M.	A. M.	A. M.
6:45	7:30	7:30
8:15	9:00	9:00
9:45	10:30	10:30
11:15	12:00	12:00
P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
12:45	1:30	1:30
2:15	3:00	3:00
3:45	4:45	4:45
5:45	6:50	6:50
7:45	8:45	8:45
9:35	10:30	10:30
11:15	11:55	11:55

A special car will be run from Ypsilanti at 12:45 a. m. on the arrival of the opera car from Detroit, for special parties of ten or more, on short notice and without extra charge.

Weigh your coal on the city scales. Rear of this Shop.

The Mistake of His Life.

Bluffers—What's wrong today? You look blue.

Bluffers—I'll never forgive myself. I kicked a caller out of my house last night.

"Huh! I kicked many a one. Young fellow, I suppose?"

"No; past middle age."

"Well, these old codgers have no business coming round sparking young girls. I kicked out one of that sort last week."

"Yes, but I've found out that this man wasn't after my daughter; he was after my mother-in-law."—New York Press.

A Proper Question.

"And clothes," argued the missionary further, "are as cheap as dirt!"

The tropic heathen did not conceal her misgivings.

"Yes; but are they as hygienic?" faltered this simple child of the forest.

Her health was quite perfect now, and there was no telling what might not be the effect of corsets and skirts which do not hang from the shoulders, to say nothing of the veils with dots in them.—Detroit Journal.

His Experience.

"Woman's work is never done," quoted the sympathetic citizen.

"That's right," answered Mr. Meekton earnestly. "I have observed it in Henrietta's case. Woman's work is never done. There is always enough of it left over to keep her husband busy from the time he gets through his dinner till he's so tired he has to go to bed."—Washington Star.

Progression.

"Mary Prim doesn't distribute tracts any more."

"No. I met her the other day, and she smelled dreadfully of peppermint."

"From tracts or extracts, eh?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The driest of all fishes is, perhaps, the river eel, yet, according to an analysis by a German chemist 60 per cent of its substance is water. Salmon comes next, with 61.4 per cent. Lobsters and oysters are four-fifths water.

When a boy goes to hunt anything, he always begins by making everybody in the room get up to see if they are sitting on the lost article.—Washington Democrat.

Modern books, however rapidly they may deteriorate from other causes, are protected from bookworms by the chemicals used in paper making.

Scenery That Acts.

Scenery that acts! If Wagner had wrought no other revolution on the operatic stage, he would deserve our gratitude. Take for purpose of comparison the vessel in "L'Africaine" and the ship in the first act of "Tristan and Isolde." The former shows the section of a vessel as neatly divided into various compartments as a box of seed samples. If the scene is well done, if, when the double basses begin to rumble and the ship begins to roll, the women shriek in their compartments, the priests pray in theirs, and the savages whose canoes would surely have been swamped in the storm, supposing they could have been launched at all, climb over the ship's side and massacre everything in sight—well, we see the cleverness of it and are entertained, but hardly horror-stricken or overcome by terror.

On the other hand, the ship's deck in "Tristan," with its group of silent men near the helm and its passion-torn woman in the foreground, the distant horizon line suggesting the sea far more effectively than a whole platoon of mechanically "worked" waves possibly can, creates illusion and atmosphere, and forms as much a component part of the music drama as the singers and orchestra. The ship in "L'Africaine" is a clever bit of stage mechanics; the ship in "Tristan" is scenery that acts.—Gustav Kobbe in Century.

It Paid to Be Cheerful.

A manufacturer of Kensington tells this true tale: "Fifteen years ago I was very rich, but ten years ago there came a time when it seemed that I'd surely fall. One day when a smash appeared a certainty I walked down Chestnut street toward the wool warehouses, blue, blue as indigo, but I braced up and put on a cheerful air. Just then a man I knew came in and said:

"Say, Bill, what makes you always look so cheerful? Don't you ever have any trouble at all?"

"Oh, yes," said I, jollying a little; "but to look blue doesn't do any good," etc.

"Well," this fellow said, "I tell you what I'm going to do. I've got \$25,000 lying idle, and I'm going to get you to invest it for me. You're so well off, so lucky in business always, and so blamed cheerful, I'm sure nothing ever fails with you, and I want you to invest this money any way you please, and I won't even ask you how you did invest it."

"Well, I took this man's money. It was just the amount my tottering business needed. A year later times and prices were vastly better, and I paid the \$25,000 back with interest at—what do you think?—9 per cent."—Philadelphia Record.

A Heartless Maiden.

There is a girl in town who, being both bright and pretty, has a good many admirers, but the most ardent of all happens to be a pudgy old grass widower, with two grandchildren and a red nose.

Naturally she has to stand a good deal of geying on his account and skips him as much as possible. So much, in fact, that the poor man had no chance to plead his cause in private and alone and so was at last driven to the use of pen and paper.

Here is his production. It is recommended to all bashful lovers for its brevity and beauty, as well as businesslike construction:

Nettie, I want to know my fate. You know that I love you. Will you marry me? If so, speak to me about it. I think the world of you. Give me a chance, Nettie. Yours truly,

BLANKET DASH.

And would you believe it? That heartless maiden hasn't "spoken to him about it" yet.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Story of Judge Mattacks.

Henry Keyes of Vermont was a lifelong Democrat. Governor Mattacks—or Judge Mattacks—was for a brief period a Democrat also. After he got to be a judge he soon became a Whig. While holding court at St. Johnsbury he occupied a room at the leading hotel, which, as was usual during court time, was dull. Late at night Mr. Keyes arrived and wanted a bed. The landlord informed him that every bed in the house had two in it except the one that was occupied by Judge Mattacks.

"Go up and tell him that Henry Keyes wants to sleep with him."

The landlord went up, rapped at the judge's door, and told him his errand.

"Henry Keyes," said the judge half asleep; "Henry Keyes of Newbury? Democrat? Oh, yes, I've had it once. Let him in!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Mount Rainier's Shadows.

A recent visitor from the east to Puget sound describes with enthusiasm the wonderful shadow effects produced by, and upon, the gigantic snowy cone of Mount Rainier. It sometimes happens that the sky, as seen from the city of Tacoma just before sunrise, is covered with a dome of cloud 15,000 feet, or more, in height, while behind the peak, toward the east, the sky is clear. In such circumstances the rising sun casts the shadow of the great mountain upon the cloud curtain overhead in the form of a vast blue triangle, the point of which rests upon the apex of the peak. At other times the shadow of the earth can be seen creeping up the cone in a distinct curve, while the flush of sunset stains the snow above the line of shadow to a deep pink.—Youth's Companion.

Iowa Teachers Elect Officers.

Des Moines, Ia., Dec. 30.—The forty-fifth annual convention of the Iowa State Teachers' association elected the following officers: President, W. O. Riddell, Des Moines; first vice president, G. I. Miller, Boone; second vice president, A. R. Sale, Mason City; third vice president, William Bell, Creston; Inez Kelsco of Corydon, committee at large. A resolution was adopted favoring restricted education laws.

Examination of Osteopaths.

Springfield, Ills., Dec. 30.—The state board of health concluded a special examination yesterday for licenses to practice in this state as osteopaths. The class numbered thirty-four, most of whom are students of the American School of Osteopathy at Kirksville, Mo., who are unable to attend the regular examination of the board in January on account of school duties.

Bontelle "Getting Along Nicely."

Boston, Dec. 30.—To all those who inquired after the condition of Representative Bontelle at the McLean asylum yesterday the reply given was that he was getting along nicely and was improving in strength. Dr. Daniel A. Robinson says that while Bontelle may recover his physical health and vigor it is possible that he may never be the same again mentally.

About Capers.

"About 8,000 kegs and barrels of capers, a small, sour berry resembling in color and shape a green pea, are annually imported into the United States from Spain and France," said a wholesale dealer in all sorts of foreign commodities in New York to the writer recently. "Capers grow on a bush, and are extensively used by all classes of cooks in this country for garnishing salads and making a sauce which is usually served with boiled mutton and other meats. There are four sizes of capers. The smallest are commercially known as nonpareils and the three other sizes are called capucines, capotes and surfinies. The smallest capers are the most desirable and bring the most money. Very few capers are imported in glass. They are shipped to America in kegs and barrels, holding from 15 to 40 gallons of the berries in brine or vinegar. The work of bottling the capers is done by the wholesale dealers."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Drew's Opinion of Edwin Booth.

Edwin Booth had a very sweet character and a charming manner at rehearsals, which he detested. I think, after Hamlet, his Bertuccio in the "Fool's Revenge" was his finest representation. He threw his whole soul into it, and it was indeed a performance to be remembered.—Mrs. John Drew in Scribner's.

Always Ahead in Quality—Never in Price.

THE LITTLE STORE That's JABE'S

Around the Corner.



Now that CHRISTMAS trade is over, and the fussing about "gaw gaws" is done, let us turn our attention to the more substantial articles of wearing apparel, such as

OVERCOATS AND SUITS Men's and Boys'

Look at our complete line of

Natty Hats, Caps and new Styles of Neckwear.

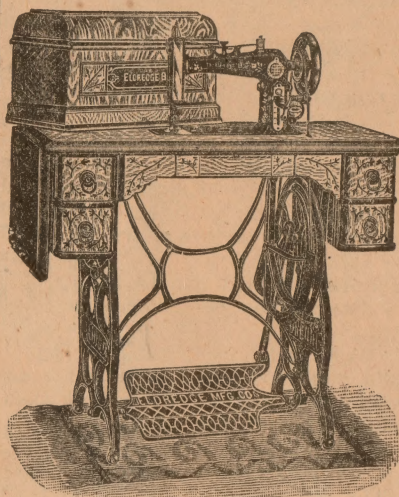
Did you see those "Ways Mufflers?"

They are not so worse--Price no object now.

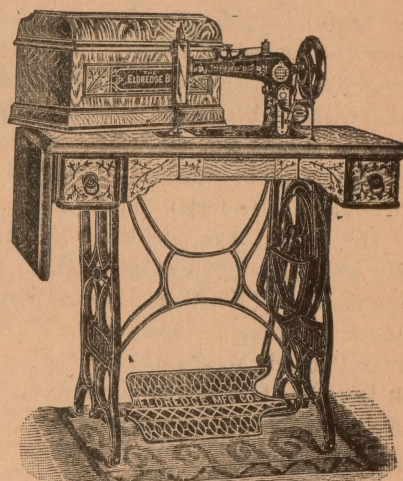
J. B. WORTLEY

17 North Huron Street.

ELDREDGE STANDARD SEWING MACHINES 5 YEAR GUARANTEE



\$20.00\$ BUYS ONE.

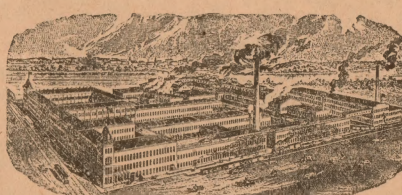
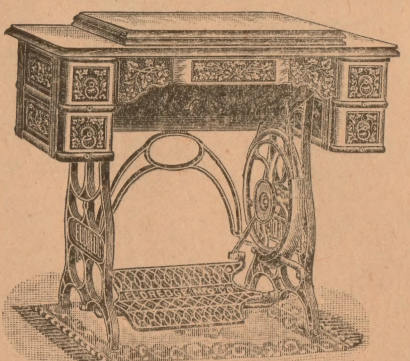


ALL UP-TO-DATE IMPROVEMENTS. HIGH ARM. BALL BEARING. ADJUSTABLE TAKE UP. LEARINGS HARDENED & ADJUSTABLE SELF THREADING SHUTTLE. LARGE BOBBLIN. LIGHT AND EASY RUNNING.

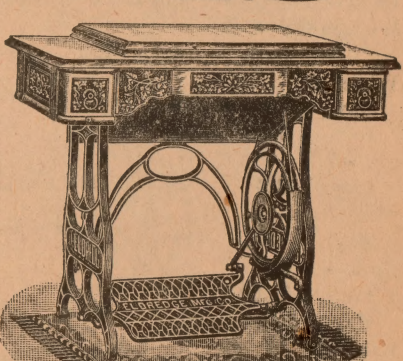
IN FACT THE LEADING FIRST CLASS SEWING MACHINE IN THE WORLD

EASY TERMS

HOME OF THE



ELDREDGE



SAMSONS

509-511 Cross St.

'Phone 68.

Ypsilanti, Mich.

Open Evenings.

ASHLEY MINOR IS NO MORE.

He was one of Ypsilanti's Oldest and Most Respected Citizens.

For Many Years his Shop and Residence were the Landmarks of Pearl Street.

Ats he old year and century was fast drawing to a close, on Sunday afternoon between one and two o'clock the spirit of Ashley Minor, one of Ypsilanti's oldest and most respected citizen, passed over to the great majority. For the last twelve months of his 89 years Mr. Minor had been confined to his bed and had been steadily losing strength. To the end, however, his mind retained its clearness, and his eyes the power to see and recognize the faces of his loved ones. Death was looked forward to with confidence and happiness and with the gentle sigh of a weary child dropping to sleep upon its mother's breast his spirit took its flight. The funeral services will be held at the residence, Washington street, Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock.

Ashley Minor was born in Woodbury, Conn., on August 5, 1810 and was the ninth of ten sons. He was given a common school education and later was apprenticed to the trade of blacksmith. In 1835 Mr. Minor removed to Buffalo, New York, and then made his way to Ypsilanti, where he has since resided. Mr. Minor purchased property on Pearl street between Huron and Washington streets erected a blacksmith shop and at once entered upon a lucrative business. In 1841 he married Miss McCormick, of Salem, and the couple moved into a new house a few rods from the shop. Here has the Minor homestead for nearly fifty year and here the five children were born and raised to manhood and womanhood. Ten years ago the old home was sold to H. P. Glover, and a manufacturing plant erected on the property. Mr. Minor then removed to Washington street where his demise occurred.

At the time of Ypsilanti's "big fire" the Minor residence and the wagon shop on the corner of Washington and Pearl streets was the only buildings in the postoffice block to escape destruction. The residence was saved by reason of its isolated position and the wagon shop was preserved by heroic efforts on the part of the citizens and the local fire department. Mr. Minor rebuilt his smithy, which still stands to the east of the wagon shop.

Mr. Minor was a quiet unpretentious citizen who enjoyed the respect and esteem of all. For the past 25 years he has led a retired life, surrounded by his sons and daughters, and with his books and papers. He was not a man who strove for public office nor did he interest himself in Masonry or fraternal lodges.

He leaves five children—George H., who is an express messenger in the employ of the U. S. Express Co., Henry C., a baggageman on the Michigan Central; Mrs. Eunice Peet, of Iosco; Miss Mary E. Minor and Miss Emma G. Minor, who reside at the parental home.

MARKET REPORTS.

The following range in prices today in the Chicago grain market is reported for The Telegram by the Hawkins' House brokers' office, over the Imperial Stock & Grain Co's wire:

	open	high	low	close
Wheat—				
May	69½	70½	69½	70½
July	70½	70½	70½	70½
Corn—				
May	32½	33½	32½	33½
Oats—				
May	23½	24	23½	24
Pork—				
Jan.	10.60	10.87	10.60	10.77
May	10.25	10.52	10.25	10.47
Lard—				
Jan.	572	602	590	600
May	590	585	580	580
Ribs—				
Jan.	537	537	535	535
May	565	575	565	570

Liverpool—12:30 p.m. heat ½ higher.
Liverpool 1:30 p.m.—Wheat ½ higher.

A gas range for sale cheap or exchange for a cook stove, 216 Hamilton St. 22w1

NORMAL GIRLS TO BE RESTRICTED.

A Movement is on Foot to Issue Rules For Conduct of The Normal Co eds.

There will be some Tall Blessing Done and the Girls are Bitter Against the People who are Trying to do it.

For the past few years there has been a feeling in Ypsilanti that the young lady students at the Normal College might well be hedged about the stricter social conventions than the authorities see fit to employ. As a class the girls who attend the Normal are sober, industrious and not inclined to frivolity or thoughtlessness or conduct, but there are enough exceptions to this rule to render it inadvisable that unusual freedom be allowed them, say Ypsilanti citizens. The college authorities prescribe no rules of conduct, and in the majority of cases the landladies feel that their interests in their tenants cease with the payment of rent and the observance of seemly conduct by the girls while in their rooms; so but little restraint of any kind is placed on their actions. No one in Ypsilanti claims that a very terrible state of affairs exists as the result of this freedom; but there is a feeling that it might be well to prohibit the co eds from entertaining company in their rooms, from making friends with whom ever they please, and from attending unchaperoned bicycle, canoeing and skating parties. For the past few years such thoughts have occupied the minds of many of the ladies of the city, and at last action will be taken to bring about a change. The movement which is an organized one, had its conception in the Ladies Literary Club, an organization composed of about forty of the most prominent ladies of the city, and was formally inaugurated at the last meeting held Wednesday December 26. "Normal morals" were thoroughly discussed, and a committee of three ladies was appointed to confer with an equal number of lady teachers at the Normal. The committee will inform the instructors that in their opinion the social and moral side of the lady students' lives should receive more careful attention; and will then recommend that an organization somewhat similar to the Women's League of Ann Arbor be formed.

The entire number of co eds will be divided into groups of 10 or 20, and for each of these coteries will be appointed a member of the literary club and a lady teacher, who will make it their special duty to look after the social life of their charges.

They will entertain the girls as much as lies in their power, and will endeavor to throw about them somewhat of a home influence. In addition, the plan contemplates requiring all who rent rooms to lady students to furnish parlors where they may receive company and to make and enforce regulations in regard to the hours they shall keep. That these directions may be carried out faithfully the ladies will recommend that boarding house and lodging house keepers be required to secure licenses from the college authorities.

The faculty is aware of the appointment of this committee and will send three of their number to the conference.

This action by the literary club had its origin last spring when the retirement of president R. G. Boone was being considered by the state board of education. The club at that time prepared a memorial to be presented to the board, in which alleged mis-conduct on the part of the Normal co eds was pointed out and a recommendation was made that "some lady of skill and ability be appointed to look after and become acquainted with the homes and surrounding influences of the lady students."

This action was not intended to cast reflection upon either president or preceptress, but upon the system in vogue; but as the ladies perceived after later consideration that at that particular time it would operate to the decided disadvantage of Dr. Boone, they rescinded the motion and the matter was indefinitely postponed. The ladies feel that as the new president will soon be in the field the time to open their campaign is the present.

Said one of the prominent members of the club to a reporter:

"We don't mean to insinuate by our action that the girls at the Normal are any worse than the co eds anywhere else but we feel that not enough interest is taken in their out-of-school life by the college authorities. The town affords very little social entertainment, there is little going on at the College, and the girls consequently find themselves thrown entirely on their own resources and at the same time with almost perfect freedom of action. The landladies take no personal interest in their rooms, in the majority of cases making no pretense of knowing where they go, with whom, or whom they entertain."

"The nearness of the University is another source of danger to unadvised and unguided girls, as large numbers of the students come down from Ann Arbor

almost nightly for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the Normal girls. As far as we can learn there is no regular system of supervising the conduct of the lady students or making their stay in Ypsilanti a pleasant one, so we feel that it is the duty of the Ypsilanti ladies to come forward and offer their services."

"Our committee will meet with the faculty ladies in a few days, when we will know definitely whether or not our services will be accepted. We didn't want the matter to come to public attention until something had actually been accomplished, but I suppose that with so many in the club secrecy was impossible."

The Bottle at Ship Launches.

Down to Charles II's time it was customary to name and baptize a ship after she was launched, sometimes a week or two after. The old Tudor method used for men-of-war was still in use. Pepys' "Diary" shows that. The ship was safely got afloat, after which some high personage went on board with a special silver "standing cup" or "daggon" of wine, out of which he drank, naming the ship, and poured a libation on the quarter deck. The cup was then generally given to the dockyard master shipwright as a memento.

When did the present usage of naming and baptizing a ship before she is sent afloat come in? I trace the last explicit mention of the old method to 1664, when the Royal Katherine was launched (see Pepys). The first mention of smashing a bottle of wine on the bows of a British man-of-war that I have found is in a contemporary newspaper cutting of May, 1780, describing the christening of H. M. S. Magnanime at Deptford, but nothing is hinted that it was then a new custom.—Notes and Queries.

A Novel In a Nutshell.

Met him.
Met him again—in love with him.
Met him again—no longer in love with him, but he in love with me, because I am so beautiful.

Met him again—he is still more in love with me, not only because I am beautiful, but because I am also good. Sorry for him.

Again I met him—he is colder than he was. Think he has forgotten my beauty and my goodness. I, however, am inclined to think that I am in love with him after all. How lucky he is, and how angry mamma will be!

Mamma proved to be strangely pleased. Makes me angry, for I know she is not a good judge of a young girl's heart.

Flirted with him outrageously to make mamma mad—didn't succeed.

Engaged to him—glad.

Married to him—sorry.—London Answers.

Up to Date Bobby.

Robert has positively declined to learn to spell. Womanly intuition admonishes Robert's mamma that Robert will doubtless say something very bright if pressed, and she accordingly argues with the boy.

"All great men learned to spell when they were little boys," she says.

"Well, that was before you could hire a stenographer for \$3 a week," replies Robert.

Of course Robert's mamma loses no time in telephoning for the newspapers a brief outline of what has happened and bidding them send their best reporters right up.—Detroit Journal.

Surprised the Congregation.

Two little folks went to church alone. It was only around the corner from their home, and their mamma knew they would be safe. During the long sermon they got tired, and the older one, supposing that the school rules held good in church, led his sister up in front of the pulpit and said, "Please may we go home?" Much surprised, the clergymen gazed at them over his spectacles. Then he understood, and said, "Certainly, my children." And the two toddled out while the congregation smiled.—Weekly Bouquet.

The Actor's Card.

"I showed them my card at the door," the actor was complaining, "and they referred me to the manager. And what do you suppose he said? He said he was sorry, but the demand for seats had been so great that he had decided to discontinue the professional free list."

"Well," said his friend the sharper, "did you expect to beat a full house with a single card?"—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Literary Note.

The denizens of the forest were organizing a literary club.

"We must make the porcupine president," said Br'er Wolf. "His style is full of good points."

"Permit me," remarked Br'er Rabbit, "to recommend a reptile friend of mine. He can put up a rattling tail."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Geo. W. Hayes

Cash Grocer.

Christmas is coming
And we're not dead,
Buy Groceries of us
And you'll be ahead.

18 E. Cross Street,
Ypsilanti, Mich.

New State Phone 234

The Passing of the "Hayseed."

Who does not know him, with his goatlike beard, his wispy hair, his "gal-luses" of homely cut, his trousers evolved by the seeming aid of a buzz-saw, his voice of an impossible nasality, his speech uncouth, his gestures ungainly, his greenness amazing? Who has not seen him on the stage of the vaudeville farce or outlined by the overworked caricaturist? No one.

We are familiar with him from absurd hat to ludicrous footwear, and have been for years. Who sees him on the streets of northwestern cities today? No one.

In a modified form he exists in that part of the nation which Bostonese are wont to call "way down east." He also exists to some extent in the New England that is nearer Boston than Maine, while from New York and New Jersey he is not altogether absent. West of a line drawn north and south through Chicago he is rare—at least as an indigenous variety.

The passing of the "hayseed" is desirable. As the farmer becomes more like him of the city he and his children will care less for the so called delights of metropolitan life, will recognize his innate and indestructible independence and will be better satisfied with his lot.—Minneapolis Times.

What President Was This?

One day a president of the United States sent for me. He had been elected to that high office, but had not yet been installed.

"I hear," he said, "that you have just come back from Washington."

"Yes."

"Did you go to the White House? You did? Well, please sit down and tell me all about it. What sort of a house is it? How is it managed? How many rooms are in it? Whereabouts does the president do his work? And how did you get in there—how do visitors manage to see the house while a president and his family are living in it?"

"Why," I exclaimed, "you have often been to Washington! Have you never visited the White House?"

"No," said he, "I have only seen the outside of it. I have never even seen a president or, in fact, any great man. I am so peculiarly constituted that if I knew the greatest man in the world could be seen by walking to the corner I would not walk there. But now that I am about to make the White House my home, I should very much like to hear all that you can tell me about it."—Julian Ralph in Saturday Evening Post.

A Reflection on the Judge.

In an address before the Virginia State Bar association James P. Harrison of the Danville bar told this story of an eminent judge in Virginia, who sat on the bench with his feet up before him, showing his soles to counsel and audience: "The defense had offered a little negro as a witness for their client, and the commonwealth's attorney challenged the witness as too young to testify. When the pickaninny had been sworn on the Holy Evangelists, he was asked by the commonwealth's attorney what he had done."

"I swared," said he.

"And what will happen to you now if you tell a lie?" the lawyer roared.

"My mammy, she'll whip me."

"Is that all?" insinuated the defendant's attorney.

"No, sah. De debble, he'll get me."

"And then the judge took his feet down, and leaning over the bench with menacing finger said, 'Yes, and I'll get you, too, sir!'"

"When quick as a flash came the boy's ready reply, 'Boss, dat's jess what I done said.'"—New York Sun.

What Women Don't Know.

"One of the mistakes of women," said a woman's lecturer the other day, "is in loving too much. They can never make a mistake in loving, but they ought to be careful in picking out the man. They are rather apt to do it on the grab bag principle. Another of the mistakes of woman is not knowing how to rest, and still another is not knowing how to eat. What women don't know about both has built 10,000 hospitals. Consider the way of man and be wise. Women worry too much. They are misers to jollity, and they nearly always die leaving a large account in the Bank of Merriment."

A Fire In Japan.

A fire in Japan is exciting. The Japanese seem to lose their heads completely in the presence of the fire demon. The people move from the houses where the fire breaks out into the next, then to another, and so on, until the fire is over, the united families moving from house to house with great nonchalance. A man dancing on his roof with a paper fire god is supposed to avert the danger, and no man is more surprised than he when, in spite of the fire god, the house ignites, and in a moment roof and man fall together. In three days the houses are rebuilt and all traces of fire removed.

A Delusion and a Snare.

"Friends? I should say so. Never suspected that I had so many. Have to let them in one door and out the other. Best lot of fellows you ever saw. Give 'em a big stag party to-night."

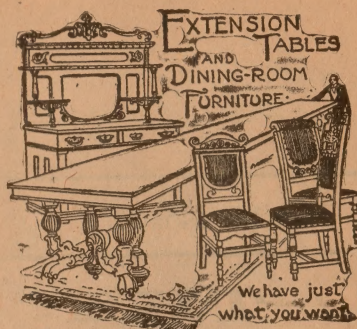
Then the misguided youth sat down and drew a check against the generous legacy he had received within the month and resented an insinuation that his finish was visible.—Detroit Free Press.

A woman with pale ears can be safely set down as one whose heart is hard to reach, while she whose ears are pink along the curled rims and downy lobes is a creature of sympathetic and responsive temperament.

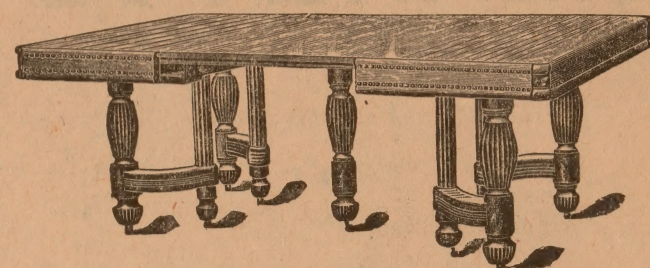
A sinecure is a position in which one man puts you for the purpose of drawing the salary while another man does the work.—Chicago News.

THE DINING ROOM

Should be the most cheerful room in the house—we want to help make it so—and think we can succeed as far as the furnishings are concerned. Our stock of Dining Furniture was never so complete as now. Here are some prices:



Extension Tables.



Good, Heavy Tables, solid, well made \$4.00
Solid Oak, carved legs, finely finished top, at 6.00
A better grade, larger top and length, a fine heavy table, \$7.50 to 9.50
Full quartered oak tables, piano finish, 10 feet \$14 to 20

SIDEBOARDS.



We think we have the best line of Sideboards ever seen in Ypsilanti. Nicely finished, beveled plate glass, good, tasty boards, \$12. A larger board, same general style and design, solid oak, \$15. Quartered oak, French beveled plate glass, finely finished, \$18. All quartered oak, rubbed finish, French beveled plate, large size, \$22. In higher priced boards we have splendid values, at \$24, \$25, \$30, \$35 and up.

DINING CHAIRS.

We have chairs to match all of our sideboards, cane seated, carved backs, solid and substantial at \$4 to \$6 per set of six. Cane seat, splendid finish, several styles, at \$5 per set. We have also a line of seats, braced back, neatly carved, \$8 per set. We have also a line of box leather seat, and heavy quartered oak chairs, both side and arm.

WALLACE & CLARKE

Seven Floors in Union Block.

A Happy New Year to You.

We will have a few Handkerchiefs left, display goods that are soiled somewhat. They won't do to go back in stock because they are soiled. We've got to sell them quick.

5c Handkerchiefs for 4c, 10 cent ones for 7c, 15 c ones for 11c, and 25c ones for 19c.

DAVIS & KISHLAR.

We have received a new invoice of the

Silver Hearts

AND

Chain Bracelets

That before the Holidays were in such demand. As our stock was then all cleaned up we can now show you

An Entire NEW ASSORTMENT

Fresh from the factory.

Frank Showerman,
Jeweler.

Local News.

George Smock, of Belleville, was a recent visitor with Ypsilanti friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Green, of Ann Arbor, spent yesterday with Ypsilanti friends.

T. P. Whitcomb has returned to Grosse Ile after spending the holidays in the city.

S. A. Ableson, of Detroit, has been making a short visit with his parents in the city.

Rev. Young, of Ann Arbor, preached in the Baptist church Sunday on "Faith in God."

Mrs. Hannah Bailey of Adams street has gone to Manchester for a protracted stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Eastlake, of Kingsville, Ont. have been visiting relatives in the city.

George Sherman has returned to Chicago after a week with his mother, Mrs. Julia Sherman.

Judson Selleck, a former Normalite, has been spending a few days with friends in the city.

L. B. West and wife, of Detroit, spent New Years with Mr. and Mrs. T. J. West, of this city.

The Athletic Association of the High School announce a dancing party for Thursday evening.

Mrs. Eunice Peet, of Iosco, has been called to the city by the death of her father, Ashley Minor.

Miss Mae Harris, of Three Rivers, has been the guest of Ypsilanti friends for the past few days.

Mrs. Jud Wilson has gone to Detroit to spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Charles Dennis.

The Jolly Times dancing club gave a very successful New Year's party in Lightguard hall last evening.

The Hamilton street Whist Club held an enjoyable meeting with T. M. James, of Pearl street, this afternoon.

Frank Minnis, of the Chicago Shoe store has been transferred from Ann Arbor to the branch establishment at Manchester.

Miss Jennie White has returned to her school at East Tawas. The mercury at that place has been down to 18 below zero.

There will be a regular meeting of the Ypsilanti Whist Club Wednesday, Jan. 3, in the Savings Bank building. Game called at 8:15 p. m.

Miss Olive Benedict has returned to her school duties in Dowagiac, after spending the holidays with her mother, Mrs. Margaret Benedict of Washington street.

Miss Fannie Kief, who is teaching in Detroit, returned to her school duties today. She has been spending her holiday vacation with her brother Ben and sister.

A half hour prayer service will be held in the Y. W. C. A. rooms each evening this week except Saturday night 7-7:30 o'clock. All women are cordially invited.

Twelve members of the Evening Times band, of Ann Arbor, met with the Lightguard band last evening and spent a very pleasant three hours in playing over favorite pieces.

The only demonstrations to usher the new year into Ypsilanti were twelve pistol shots, which were fired by some patriotically minded individual as the last hour of 1899 was peeled forth from the high school clock.

Officer Zina Buck today served another warrant upon E. E. Jones, proprietor of the Hawkins House, for alleged violation of the liquor law. The complaint, which was entered some days ago by Charles Holt, charges Jones with not closing the bar on Sunday, Dec. 3.

The cast of "Brown's in Town" this season is said to surpass that of last year. LaMotte and Sowersby are probably the only theatrical managers in the country who are alive to the fact that a company requires strengthening as a play grows old. It is generally the custom to weaken a cast each successive season. The reason so many shows are stranded through public disapproval is readily apparent.

The following party were dined by Proprietor E. E. Jones of the Hawkins House New Year evening: Judge and Mrs. J. Willard Babbitt, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Bogardus, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. McGregor, Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Carpenter, Miss Florence Curtis, Frank G. Mason, Fred W. Green and Zina Buck. An elegant dinner was served and a most pleasant evening enjoyed by all.

A small and despicable theft occurred in a certain restaurant of the city on Saturday evening. A lad from Grand Rapids by the name of Frank Jacobs, had been performing some slight service about the place and had laid a pair of new gloves on one of the lunch counter stools. A number of men and boys were in the establishment and one of them quietly helped himself to the articles, as when the boy looked about for his property it was missing. An arrest will probably follow this evening.

Lawyer Hamilton Bayliss and wife of Wayne were in the city yesterday. Their nephew, Charles Bayliss, of Ann Arbor, was buried Sunday. His death took place under peculiarly sad circumstances. The family were up north, where they were engaged in business, and Mr. Bayliss had chloroform administered to have some teeth extracted, and died from the effects of the anesthetic. The funeral was held last Thursday in Ann Arbor, and the body deposited in the vault, from whence it was taken Sunday and laid to rest.

Mrs. Corbee and daughter Loreta are visiting in Detroit.

Elmer Trim of Detroit, was a recent visitor in the city.

Mrs. Sarah Wise, of Cleveland, has been visiting relatives in the city.

The Christmas music at St. Luke's church was repeated Sunday evening.

Mrs. Markham, of Au Sable, nee Miss Foley, is visiting her mother, of Lowell St.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Reader and Miss Mamie Thompson, of Detroit, spent New Years at the home of Marshal C. M. Warner.

Mr. and Mrs. McIntyre, of Ypsilanti town entertained 20 relatives and friends from the city and township at dinner New Years.

Work in the public schools was resumed today, and the educational machinery of the Normal will be set in motion tomorrow for the grist of the second quarter.

"Brown's in Town" was greeted with immense audiences throughout its recent engagement at McVicker's theatre, Chicago. Its visit in the world's fair city was enthusiastically welcomed by the critics and the general public. There is no disguising the fact that the cast of "Brown's in Town," forms one of the strongest comedy combinations on the road.

Mrs. Clare Dole, of Hamilton street, gave a progressive pedro party to 20 friends last evening. The affair was announced to be a ladies' function, but at the last moment one of the guests sent word of her inability to be present, and W. R. McGregor, manager of the Ann Arbor exchange of the State Telephone was requisitioned. Mr. McGregor strove so nobly for the honor of his gender that when the scores were made out he was found to have captured first prize. The low or "booby" prize was won by Miss Jennie Lamb.

As car No. 17, the last car from Ann Arbor, was nearing the stone school house between Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti Sunday night, a gear casing broke, which caused it to jump the track. The heavy car plowed its way along the roadside and finally brought up against a telegraph pole which it broke in three pieces. A wrecking car was sent out, but it was not until 12 o'clock Monday that the errant car was restored to the rails. Traffic was carried on Monday morning by transferring passengers around the wreck.

When the members of the Two C Club entered their clubroom in the Lightguard hall building Sunday morning about 10 o'clock they were greeted by a dense cloud of smoke. Rushing into the room the excited clubmen found that the carpet was smoldering and that there was imminent danger of a serious fire. Water was procured and after a few moments vigorous work the fire was extinguished. The damage in the room is nothing more than the loss of the carpet, but if the club members had been delayed in arriving on the scene a more lengthy bill of damages would be before them. Sparks from a stove are believed to have caused the trouble.

BELL TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS.

The Bell Telephone Co. report the following new phones put in within the past two months:

- 123—Ammerman & Scott, grocers.
- 108—Ament, Arthur, residence.
- 70—Bussey, Wm. feed store and wood.
- 98—Bussey, Wm., residence.
- 2—Crawford, Frank, residence.
- 97—Clark, House & Co, depot grocers.
- 94—Deikinson, C. W., residence.
- 22—Fairchild, H., city meat market.
- 85—Fairchild, H., residence.
- 58—Glover, H. P., residence.
- 79-2—Hull, Dr. G. M., office.
- 79-3—Hull, Dr. G. M., residence.
- 46—Hemphill, Chas. M., residence.
- 105—Hawk, J. L., The Racket.
- 103—Hawk, J. L., residence.
- 38—Jenner, A. G., residence.
- 40—King, Joseph, residence.
- 25—LeFurge, H.F. Hardware & Stoves.
- 93—LeFurge, H. F., residence.
- 96—Lyman, E. A., residence.
- 84—Morse, Geo. H. Poultry dealer.
- 88—Marshall, Geo. residence.
- 70—Moore & Bussey, 2nd Furniture & Feed Store.
- 70—Moore, J. E. 2nd hand furniture.
- 99—Moore, J. E., residence.
- 41—Owen, Dr. F. K., residence.
- 54—Peacock, H. F. residence.
- 42—Reinhart, Chas T, residence.
- 64—Smith, Frank & Son, drugs and books.
- 90—Smith, Frank & Son, residence.
- 76—Smith, W H, residence.
- 92—Shute, P W residence.
- 95—Scott, W E.
- 80—Stoup, C M, residence.
- 109—Scharf, Tag, Label & Box Co.
- 107—Sullivan, D P, residence.
- 102—Showers, D-P, residence.
- 110—Whitford, T S & Co, hardware.
- 106—Webb, West & Crane, Real Estate Exchange.
- 101—Webb, J F, residence.
- 5—Ypsilanti Opera House.

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Cafe, Observation and Parlor Cars on Queen & Crescent Route, Florida and New Orleans limited.

Male help wanted. Reliable men to handle our line of high grade lubricating oils, greases, and specialties. Makes an excellent side line. Salary or commission. Address Central R-fining Co., Cleveland, Ohio. 33w26

LAID DOWN
LIFE'S BURDEN.

Louis B. Littlefield Has Passed to The Great Majority.

He was a Prominent Wayne County Politician who Came to Ypsilanti for Rest and Quiet.

Ex-Sheriff Louis B. Littlefield died yesterday morning at 9 o'clock, at his residence on E. Forest Ave., after an illness of four weeks. The funeral services will be held Wednesday morning at the residence, at 9 o'clock, after which the remains will be conveyed to Detroit for interment. Ex-Sheriff Littlefield was a former prominent Detroit and the Detroit papers have kept themselves closely posted on the progress of his late illness. Says the Journal in regard to his past life:

Louis B. Littlefield, one of Wayne county's most prominent of public men died at Ypsilanti this morning at 9 o'clock after a long and serious illness from wasting disease. Even though expected, his death came as a shock to his family and friends. But few men had a larger personal or more favorable acquaintance in the county than he and the number in politics at the present time who owe him faithful remembrance for substantial aid is legion.

The funeral arrangements will not be made until this afternoon. They will be in charge of a Detroit undertaker.

Mr. Littlefield was born in 1844 in Utica, N. Y., of German parents, the family name being Klienfeldt, which in English is Littlefield. He was but a boy when the civil war broke out, and when the Twenty-sixth New York regiment went to the front he carried a musket, although but 17 years of age. He saw plenty of active service and was severely injured at the second battle of Bull Run.

At the close of his service in the army he lived in Rochester, N. Y., and worked as a baggageman on the New York Central railroad. Soon after the war he moved into Indiana and worked on a farm. He came to Detroit in a short time and found employment as a painter and decorator. Later he moved to Kansas, where he worked for his brother Joseph, a wealthy cattle bayer, who drove cattle from Texas to Kansas for the market, and accumulated considerable money. The experience gave the young man ideas of his own and he soon entered into business for himself, obtaining big government contracts to supply beef to military garrisons. It did not take long to make a "pile" and the spare dollars were invested in lead and silver mining. The dollars trebled, and with a snug fortune Mr. Littlefield came back to Michigan and settled in Grand Rapids.

In 1871 Mr. Littlefield returned to Detroit and made extensive investments in real estate. He saw the possibilities of rapid growth in the western part of the city, and purchased a large tract of property on

Sixteenth street, erected a handsome home for himself at 903 57, and building 20 houses for rental. His enterprise caused increased interest in that part of the city, which rapidly appreciated in value.

Mr. Littlefield's integrity as a business man and citizen led to his election, in 1883, as alderman from the Tenth ward, and his re-election after a term of two years. He served but one year of the second term, his popularity being evidenced by his election as sheriff of Wayne county by a big majority on the Republican ticket. He was elected to a second term, and his regime in office was an interesting one for the evildoer in Wayne county. In those days the river front, from Grosse Pointe to Wyandotte was considered rather "lively," and in certain localities low dives and gambling dens existed with little restriction. Cock fights, dog fights, faro tables, road houses where orgies were held, and other interesting places, made up a rather warm combination.

Sheriff Littlefield made a systematic move on the gamblers and pit fighters, and many are the interesting stories yet related of his raids. When the famous McCarthy road house murder occurred he began a systematic effort to restore law and order among this class of public places, and succeeded admirably. He was an officer feared by law breakers, and always prompt to decide upon his official course. So great was the fear of his strong hand that a number of River Rouge and Ecorse's sporting residents can even now remember taking a cold plunge into the river one night from the back windows of a certain resort, when it was announced that "Louie Littlefield was in front."

His service as sheriff led to his election to the office of city treasurer, which he filled acceptably for three terms, with credit to himself and the Republican party. During his last term his health gradually failed, and he was obliged to retire from politics and active business. Since then he has devoted himself to enjoying life at his summer resort home, Cherry Beach, near Marine City, or in looking after his general property interests.

Mr. Littlefield owned a large farm near Grand Rapids, city property in Port Huron, property in the north end of Detroit on Holden avenue, and lately a fine home in Ypsilanti, where he remained during his last illness.

One of his chief amusements was found in horses, he at one time owning Watcheye, a pacer with a record of 2:11 1/4, and the half brother, which is still in the Littlefield stable. He loved horses, and wanted them to be good travelers and of the best blood. He was an active member of Myrtle lodge, K. of P., and of the Oddfellows and Knights of Honor. He was a member of Fairbanks post, G. A. R.

Before coming to Detroit he married Mrs. Fannie Shephard, in Indiana, who lived until April, 1898.

March 20, 1899, he was married to Mrs. Harriet B. French, of Ovid, who survives him. With this exception he had no near relatives excepting his brother Joseph. A stepson, Henry Littlefield, lives at Eighteenth and Breckenridge streets.

The Queen & Crescent is the shortest line Cincinnati to New Orleans, Jacksonville and all points southeast.

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in JEWELRY.

**Big Discount on Special
orders.**

Brabb,
The Jeweler.

Ann Arbor.

Trainer Fitzpatrick has a new idea for next year's eleven. He intends to put a heavy man at quarter back. He said yesterday that he would play either Dietz or France at that position next year. Either of these men will tip the scales at 190 pounds or better. Mr. Fitzpatrick is convinced that Chicago's style of play, that of putting a heavy man at quarter, is the proper one. It is an immense help in the interference and strengthens the eleven in defensive work. He had Dietz in the gymnasium yesterday afternoon, showing him the position, and was favorably impressed by his work. Dietz was Northwestern's guard last year and was ineligible for Michigan's team this year.

Thursday morning Andrew Smith, the head driller, started work again on the campus well. It was necessary to clean out about fifty feet of settling in the bottom. The rock is very hard and with only one shift at work, not over ten or fifteen feet a day will be made. The drill is now in what appears to be a hard limestone rock in which many crystals are found. If the general formation is the same as that of the Dundee well, another vein of mineral water will be struck. In that well two veins of mineral water were encountered, but at a point about 350 feet lower and about that distance apart. With the mineral water veins as a criterion Trenton rock should be struck in the campus well at a depth of about 1825. This would be in line with what Driller Smith claims that Trenton rock always rises to the northwest, and that when the rock is encountered it is important to go through it, as often what appears to be a dry hole will make a good showing of oil or gas when the rock is pierced. The work of the drill from now on will be watched with interest as it will be all new ground.

"FARMERS' CLUB THE WHOLE THING."

"Senator Helme Would Make a Good Governor, but he Won't Get the Nomination."

So says the Foxy and "Mysterious" Billy Judson.

Billy Judson is quoted by local papers as follows, on the special session of the legislature:

"The Farmers' Club is the only people that's got any sand," said "Mysterious Billy" Judson this morning on his return from attending the special session of the legislature. "Senator Sheldon voted against the constitutional amendment at 6 o'clock and the club got together the next morning at 9 o'clock and fired him out bodily. Oh, those farmers are after these fellows, you bet. And they are going to sweep the state next fall, and you see if they don't. They'll vote for people that's right, and don't you forget it. Ain't going to make any difference if they are republicans or democrats, and the United States senator won't cut any figure at all."

"That will be liable to give the democrats the next legislature, won't it?" was suggested.

"Well, you bet it will, if the republicans don't put up the right kind of fellows. The farmers are all stirred up and they will land men in the legislature that they can depend on."

Did the governor mean what he said when he intimated that he would work for a democratic legislature?"

"Oh, I don't know. Politics ain't going to cut any figure with him, either."

He's after these fellows who are against equal taxation, and before he gets through he's going to have a legislature that'll do something."

"How would Senator Helme do for governor?"

"Now, there's a fellow that's all right. I use to think he was cranky and always looking for something that'll help the democratic party. That's all right. Don't blame him a bit for that. But the more I see of Helme the more I like him. But, h—l, the democrats won't elect anyone for governor the people want to vote for. Whenever they do get a chance to do something they won't do it. I never say such a lot in my life. Helme would make it hot for any republican that don't believe in the governors' plans of taxation. I can tell you. By the way, how's my dear old friend Helber getting along? Haven't seen him in two or three weeks."

Real Estate Transfers.

E. Nichouse, by his heirs, to Michael Zahn, Fredonia, \$500.
Sarah Adams to E. P. Allen, Ypsilanti \$500.
Louis J. Maus to Henry Hintermann, Ypsilanti, \$30.
H. B. Gardner et al. to John Linder-mann, Lodi, \$700.
Wm. Bunting et al. to John Linder-mann, Lodi, \$1,400.
Mary Lindermann et al. to Wm. Schweitzer Bros., Lodi, \$700.

John C. Wilson to Brooks French et al. Ann Arbor, \$1,800.

Thos. Bell to Birkett Mfg. Co., Dexter, \$150.

Wm. E. Howard to Sarah Hallock, Milan, \$300.

Fred Breitenwisher to Fred H. Breitenwisher, Freedom, \$4,000.

Reuben Kempf to Wm. Grieb, Lima, \$2,700.

Roxa M. Cole to Ed Conklin, Superior, \$6400.

John Miller to Edw. Frohlich Glas, Co., Ypsilanti, \$1.

Anna M. Glatz to C. Schlafer, Manchester, \$1,750.

Chas. Reed to John Miller, Ypsilanti, \$1.

Alice G. Miller to John Cummings, Chelsea, \$1,175.

Wm. F. Kern to Henry L. Renau, Manchester, \$450.

Albert Clark to Austin Smith, Ann Arbor, \$6,000.

Julia Osborn et al. to David Lindsley, Augusta, \$4,800.

Woster Blodgett to Webster Cong. Church Society, Webster, \$50.

John Williams to same, Webster, \$10.

Wm. Armbruster to Wm. Aprill, Scio, \$1,150.

Jos. Near to Marion A. Merritt, Ypsilanti, \$55.

BASE BALL PROSPECTS ARE GOOD.

Miller and Lunn Will be Greatly Missed.

But From France, Cudding, Fitzgerald, Blencoe, and McGinnis Their Places can be Filled.

Says a local paper: The prospects for a spring baseball team at the university for the coming season seems to be good. Of course, the battery will be an unknown quantity owing to the loss of Gay Miller and "Sally" Lunn, of last year's team. Miller was probably the greatest college pitcher in the country, as Cornell, Wisconsin, Illinois and Notre Dame will probably acknowledge. His absence will be felt. France, the football player, seems to be the most likely candidate for the box. His showing on his class team demonstrates this. He has cannon ball speed and wonderful control. There is a youngster named Cudding, from Austin, Ill., who is said to be a wonder, and Fitzgerald, the Orchard Lake man, is a strong factor in the calculations.

To take Lunn's place behind the bat, there are Blencoe, who played first base last year, and Captain McGinnis. Blencoe is a good catcher, and as "Sank" Condon, who did not try for the team last year, will be out again, the first bag will be covered in good shape. All of last year's infield are back except Sullivan, and if the rules will allow it, Whitney, of Amherst will take the shortstop position. Last year's strong outfield have all returned to college.

At this time the following seems to be the foundation around which Coach Watkins will develop a team:

Catcher—Blencoe.
Pitchers—France, Cudding, Fitzgerald.
First base—Condon.
Second base—Matteson.
Third base—Fletcher.
Shortstop—Whitney.
Left field—Davies.
Middle field—Capt. McGinnis.
Right field—Snow.

A Lively Streak of Mouse.
Several persons standing in front of a show window on Fourth street watching a procession of Japanese mice in a cage as they ran in at one door of their sleeping apartment and out at another with lightning rapidity became involved in a dispute as to how many of the animals there were. One said there were only two mice, while others thought there were at least three.

They were very active, curious little animals and, instead of being of the proper mouse color, were black and white, marked in large blotches like Holstein cattle or old fashioned swine. The holes into and out of which they ran were close together, and they chased around so swiftly that it was impossible to count them, for sometimes there was a mouse at each hole and sometimes one outside and the others inside, and sometimes it appeared as if there were just one long mouse in a circle revolving on a pivot, with noses and tails at intervals.

The mad race was kept up for some time, and finally all the mice disappeared as if by magic. One of the spectators went into the store and asked how many mice there were in the cage, stating that he and his companions had not been able to decide, as they moved too quickly to be counted. A clerk said there was only one mouse, and it was impossible to count it except when it was asleep and, seeing a look of incredulity on the countenance of the caller, raised the top of the cage and showed one little black and white mouse nestling on a piece of cotton in a corner.—Portland Oregonian.

Free Bedding Chair Cars Cincinnati to Chattanooga, Queen & Crescent Route night trains.

LOVE FINDS A WAY.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

Copyright, 1899, by Jeannette H. Walworth.

Hall were the twin objects of his adoration. With Olivia married to another man the old Hall would be a desolate abiding place.

His work lay far away in another state. His work was all that was left to him in life. He was glad he liked it and that he was forging rapidly to the front as an inventor. The great disappointment which had darkened all the world for him did not lie in the loss of his wealth. He had already come to look on that as a blessing in disguise. He rather enjoyed owing everything to his own brain and brawn. But Olivia—ah, that was another matter; that was the one irreparable loss that could ever befall him! No; matters must stand as they were.

Doubtless Olivia as Westover's wife and mistress of Broxton Hall would do better by the old place than he, a sourd anchorite, possibly could. He was taking his final leave of the old neighborhood. Nothing could ever induce him to revisit the place. He turned to Westover with a wintry smile.

"I could not consent to reclaim Broxton Hall unless I could repay the money you have expended on it. That I am very far from being able to do even if I should desire to do it."

Westover looked seriously embarrassed.

"Perhaps I am going ahead of the bounds. I mean I ought to have waited to hear from father before outlining my course. I can still do that, must indeed, but that paper was burning a hole in my pocket. Every time I looked at you I called myself a thief. By Jove, I did, Broxton!"

Tom's great gray eyes sent a lance through him. He blushed and laughed nervously.

"Oh, as for that, I'll say it was because you put the ocean between you and her at a critical moment. I never could have won in a fair stand up, even race, Tom. Girls are odd tricks. Olivia is tremendously fond of you. That thievery was all fair."

"You have won the sweetest and dearest girl on earth. I believe I am glad we have had this talk, Westover. It has given me a clearer conception of the good in you. I am glad she has chosen so well. It is not likely I will ever return to Mandeville. There is nothing to bring me here. The place is the cemetery of all my hopes. So you must let me offer my congratulations now. Is the day fixed?"

"No. You see, there's been a great deal else on my mind—ours, I may say—father in Europe, mother in bad health and all that. But I've never told you how I came by that paper."

"Miss Malvina told me the whole story. There is nothing for you to tell me."

Westover flushed hotly.

"She was afraid I would not keep my word about giving it back."

"Not at all. She had other papers to give me, inventories of plate, pictures, etc."

"Yes, I remember. By Jove, Broxton, you must have gone it at a pace while you were at college to get through with everything!"

"Doubtless I did," said Tom, looking hard at the dingy, fireless stove at the other end of the waiting room.

"But father says you are to be congratulated."

"Upon what?"

"Upon an opportunity to develop your latent talents. We have been reading about that invention of yours. Father says if it is what you claim for it it will revolutionize the entire system of electric lighting in all the big cities and will make an everlasting fortune for you."

"I think it is all that I claim for it," said the young inventor quietly. He consulted his watch. "My train must be late."

He had folded the paper neatly and now handed it back to Westover, who declined to take it.

"It is not mine, my dear fellow. I have no claim at all to it. It is yours. What are you going to do about it?"

"This!" He tore it into small bits.

"Yes; but, my dear Don Quixote, the Wraxalls, don't you see?"

"What steps could I take that would not reflect upon a dead man? How could I stir in this matter without holding Olivia's father up for criticism—worse, condemnation? And as looking for a Wraxall with no other clue than this ancient scrap of paper would be hopeless I will only say we must wait for one to turn up."

"The lawyers would unearth a baker's dozen of them at the first hue and cry of defective title."

"There will be no hue and cry. The lawyers have nothing to do with this business. With my consent they never shall. Call it my wedding gift to Olivia. There is nothing in the agreement debarring a gift. I used to think she liked the old place. I will be glad to think of her as its mistress."

The sharp shriek of the locomotive sounded near at hand. He sprang up and seized his bag. Westover detained him with a hand on his shoulder.

"Let it rest at that for the present. We are friends, Broxton?"

"Friends," said Tom, looking down into the other man's honest eyes. "I leave Mandeville richer by that much."

The grasses of a month's growth waved their swordlike blades about Horace Matthews' grave before Ollie

see any one but Miss

Malvina. Then a somewhat imperative note from Clarence compelled her from her seclusion. He was going to meet his father and mother in Paris, he wrote, and while there he might execute many commissions for her. "Jeanne and mother would be so glad to buy all your wedding finery for you, and as soon as they all get back my dear little girl and her devoted lover will be made one."

To this Ollie returned a very short answer:

"Dear Clarence—Please come to see me this evening. I have something to say to you before you start for Paris."

And Westover obeyed the summons. She looked so pale and wan, so unlike his vivid, brilliant Olivia, as she came toward him in her plain black robe that he was conscious of a shock to his aesthetic nerves.

"By Jove, my dear girl, I don't want to say anything unfeeling, but I hope you are not going to wear black any great length of time! I never could see how it evinced respect or affection for the dead, and it certainly does play the mischief with some women."

"You mean that I look hideous. I know I do."

"Of course I don't. Somehow or other, Ollie, you have a talent for making my words mean the ugliest possible to them."

"That would be terrible if we were man and wife and were always misunderstanding each other."

Westover laughingly said, "Pretty bad indeed."

"It would be much better not to get married, wouldn't it, Clarence?"

She was twisting her slim fingers in and about each other. Glancing down at them, he noticed, with a start, that they were ringless. He looked at her. Her eyes were fastened on her clasped hands. He touched the finger that had been encircled by his ring of betrothal.

"What does that mean, Olivia?"

She opened her hands and showed him the ring clasped in her palms. She did not look at him as she answered in a slow, dull voice:

"It means that I want you to take it back, Clarence, and give it to some girl who will make you happier than I could. It means that I don't want your mother and Jeanne to buy me anything, because—because—there will be no wedding."

She laid the ring in his hand with a little gasp, then sat quite still. He stared at it dumbly for a moment, the hot, indignant blood mounting higher into his temples every second.

"Would you object to being a little more explicit?" he asked presently, with biting coolness. "I take it for granted you have some reason or something you call a reason for this remarkable change of mind."

Her lips quivered piteously. The hot tempered young fellow, smarting under a hurt to his pride, took no note of it. He waited in cold silence.

"I have made up my mind never to marry at all, Clarence. I am going to live like Miss Malvina. At first it won't seem at all nice, but I'll soon get wrinkled and old, and my hair will fall out, and life will grow smooth, and I won't care for anything but making beef tea for poor people and going to church. Miss Malvina is a much happier woman than I."

A loud laugh, fuller of mockery than of mirth, broke up the decorous stillness of the house. Mindful of his growing wrath, Westover clutched frantically at a scapegoat.

"Oh, I see! You are under spinster tuition at present. I fancy Miss Spillman's temptations to commit matrimony have not been numerous or irresistible."

He had rather hoped, that she would flame out at him with her old willfulness and defiance of contradiction. Instead she answered with a forbearing meekness which made him stare. He would have pitied her if he had known how hardly it was won.

"Please don't say anything unkind about Miss Malvina, Clarence. She will be the only friend I have in the world after you go away bating me."

His mood was still resentful. "No," he said, with an unpleasant smile. "You forget?"

"I forget?"

"Broxton. He is a grand fellow, a most formidable rival, but I was not just prepared to find him in the field."

"Clarence?"

She hung out her hands toward him imploringly. Her cry was one of mingled pain and indignation. Belonging, as Westover did, to the school of lovers who abjure romanticism and eschew heroics, it fell upon unplaced ears.

"But, my dear girl, do try to be sensible. Put yourself in my place. For over a year now I have been your affianced husband, ready to marry you whenever you would consent to fix the day. First your father interposed his loneliness and your youth as arguments for delay. Then his sickness and death prolonged the term of probation. At last, when by the most patient calculations I consider myself approaching the goal, I am met with the rather unexpected piece of information that you have decided you do not want to marry anybody."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



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